



My worst day ever



14 0 2

Chapter 1 by _Gray

"So, who coming for us?"

"Automatic shouldn't pull automatic, so the black car out"

I was a bit skeptical, well, I told my last, previous girlfriend that after we broke up. Since then, I seems to have mimicking that judgmental character in my principals of life. "Those drivers like leave as soon as the cock crow. Who you think will be in there now?"

"Walton! The phone for you." Ryan phone always had credit, so, they call who will call back. Pretending he wasn't physic for that particular phone call he asked Ryan "Who?"

"Livan" That reply came flying out of Ryan mouth.

That was transportation for sure. My taught rejoice before I ever got the chance to move a muscle cells. I let it ride.

'Smithy coming with the canter"

Those were the only set of words he threw at us. I can't blame him, the sun was at its strongest position, in its day to day game it continuously play. The heat that accompany the brilliant ray from the sun laughed at us while it danced on our skin as though it lack Melanin. From the corners of my eyes I saw a woman frequently visiting a particular window. Her hair was flawless wrapped into a volcano on her head, but apparently the lava wasn't hot enough.

"Good afternoon, the Deputy HM want to know how long you staying here?"

We played the role of susceptible. See more of Story Wars We differ completely, young men to catch the attention.

Ryan explain the story to him. I was cutting in and telling a short part and I just cover it off by showing him we have to see her.

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Our eyes made fore. Besides that Steve Earkle glasses sitting on her fore head, her fore head would have definitely walked away with that Grammy for “bulb of the day”. Squatty, with a round belly. Something you would normally expect their butts to be, women of that... quality.

“Good afternoon Miss!” Three Mescaline voice came thundering.

She photograph us, carefully enough to ensure there wasn't anyone else in that capture. Maybe she had a good memory, or maybe she expect something to happen. She did it anyway.

“Good afternoon” She quickly sketched a smile on her face to bring it out.

Friday's are casual Friday's but that navy blue mixed with midnight blue top she wore policed against the idea. That type of top family overseas don't want but post in a barrel for you.

“The security said the Deputy wants to see us” I allow those words to slide in as we placed our last step, finally facing her.

“The deputy is on leaf”, this time she was facing the security.

He was new, I told my taught. He couldn't tell canteen sellers from teachers. He taught about defends, but she read it.

“Yal could wait there till yal vehicle come to pull the car or the tow truck, cause as far as I see, yal looking after yal car. They don't see when thieves coming in night time. They bringing everybody that come in and watching around.

“Thanks Miss” I still can't believe Walton said that. She just insulted my integrity. I was first down the stairs. Me, a thief, things hard yea, but thief! It would be more beneficial to me thieving some sex instead. It's a bless day, never the less. Sitting under a doff Tamarin tree, shading an abandon stand left to fend for its self for the rest of its life, the only song that could have possible found its way to my tormented head was “50 cent – Amusement Park” So I played it. “Now you can ride the horse around the carousel, Explosion, Trojans, all in the hotel” Now about to dominate the best verse, a mischievous horn honked three times. Hitting the school parking lot with a speed that would probably make Michael Schumacher look twice Smithy shouted.

”see some where to tie that rope, it in the back” He maneuvered without directions.

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